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THE SAGINAW FOREST - SOME HISTORICAL HIGHLIGHTS

by Professor Leigh J. Young,
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(a former Mayor of Ann Arbor)

In 1903, when formal instruction in forestry began at the University of Michigan, large-scale pine logging in the State was virtually at an end, and the supply of hardwoods in the northern portion of the Lower Peninsula was due to be exhausted in less than ten years. Great fires burned unchecked in the slash on the cut-over lands every dry season. No real effort was made to control these, as they were considered helpful in clearing the land for the agriculture that was expected to follow logging. The idea of attempting to restore any part of our vanished woods was considered ridiculous by the great majority. But there were a few men of vision who thought otherwise.

One of these was Professor Filibert Roth, the first head of the new Department of Forestry at our University. Another was his friend, Arthur Hill of Saginaw, a Regent of the University and a wealthy lumberman, who bought this land* and deeded it to the University for use as a forest laboratory.

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*Editor's note: The 80-acre tract, situated on Liberty Road about two and a half miles west of Main Street, Ann Arbor, was originally bought from the Government by Ezekiel H. Wilcox. Although the deed was not recorded until 1832, the transaction may have occurred in the middle 1820's. The abstract shows that various members of the Heinzmann family became owners of the farm in turn, and from them it passed into the possession of Charles Rominger and wife.

Prior to the University's ownership, part of the area had been rented for farming for a number of years, but there were patches of second growth trees on some of the slopes near the lake and in the ravine south of the lake. The steeper slopes that were under cultivation had washed badly, and a number of deep, actively-eroding gullies had been formed

Planting of the cleared lands with trees began in 1904 and was completed in 1915, covering an area of fifty five acres. Twenty-four species of trees were used in these original plantations, of which eleven are native to this section of the State. In addition, sixteen other species were planted in small groups, arboretum-fashion, in the northwest corner of the tract.

There may be some question as to the reason for planting so many exotics, especially conifers in a region that is essentially hardwood country The answer is, first, that all of the work done here has been primarily experimental and not merely a demonstration of established practices. Second, although this is hardwood country, there are large areas of soils in this section of the State that are not suited to agriculture and on which hardwoods do not make profitable growth. So it was felt that it would be desirable to enrich our local forest flora by the addition of some conifers, if any species could be found that would grow here satisfactorily.

The emphasis was on conifers, because of their lower soil and water requirements than hardwoods and because the market demands a much larger quantity of them

Most of the plantations had a good survival rate and looked very promising for the first ten to fifteen years while their youthful vigor lasted. Then troubles began to appear. It was found that some species had been planted on unsuitable soils. Most of these areas were clear-cut and replanted with other species. Insect and disease pests forced the removal of other stands. But some poor stands were left standing as examples of what can happen when mistakes of this kind are made. There is a fundamental law, governing the introduction of exotics, that can not be violated with impunity in forest work. The law is that a given species can not be grown successfully in any localities in which the prevailing climate is

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It was they who sold the property to Arthur Hill in 1903 for $3200. On January 12, 1904, Mr. Hill deeded it to the University of Michigan stipulating that it "be designated as the Saginaw Forestry Farm "

Professor Young mentioned in his talk the fact that when the University acquired the property, only the old barn was left of the farm buildings, as the house had burned down. The barn was left standing until 1914, when it was sold and moved to another farm. The stones from the foundation were used the next year to build the picturesque cabin overlooking the lake.

radically different from that in its native habitat. That law was violated here, and we have suffered the consequences. It is still being violated in many places because of lack of knowledge. The safe rule is to plant only native species and those exotics that are native to a climate similar to ours in the factors of temperature and moisture. Of the conifers planted here, white and Austrian pines appear to be the only ones that may prove satisfactory for timber production. For Christmas trees and other products like pulpwood, other species may be used, because of the shorter time required for their growth.

As the trees became older, the density of the stands increased to a point that made thinnings necessary to favor the best trees and avoid the possibility of any stagnation in the growth of the stands. That opened another field for study. Experimental thinning plots have been established, wherever the size of the plantations permitted, and all stands have been thinned as needed. These cuttings remove poorly formed and damaged trees in addition to reducing the density of the stand as a whole.

Experimental work is also being conducted to determine the results of pruning some of the conifers that have very persistent branches after they have been killed by shading. By prompt removal of these branches the formation of wood free from knots is very much hastened and the length of time required for growing high-grade logs is reduced.

Adequate protection of a forest is absolutely essential, and an area like this offers great opportunities for studies of insects and diseases, aimed at the development of methods for their control. There are also problems in devising methods of reducing damage from fire and weather. In the earliest years, when the young trees were overtopped by tall grass and weeds, the fire hazard was excessive in early spring and late fall, but no disastrous fires occurred. However, during this same period, serious injury occurred on the young hardwoods and trees of the yellow pine group caused by mice and rabbits. Poisoning of the mice and shooting of the rabbits proved to be effective control measures. Damage from insects and diseases can occur at any time and is more difficult to prevent. Especially bad pests have been the chestnut blight, the borer on black locust, the oyster shell scale on white ash, and the European pine shoot moth.

Thus far, wind and glaze (ice) storms have caused only small losses, but the danger of this kind of injury must be kept constantly in mind in connection with cutting operations of all kinds.

Some of the older plantations, both hardwood and coniferous, are being invaded by young growth of other species that are adjacent, so that an understory is being formed. When the coniferous stands are harvested, the presence of this understory will make the reproduction of the original species very difficult. But by that time, objectives may have changed and methods of management must change to meet them.

Each plantation has been measured at five-year intervals and records kept of the growth of the trees in height, diameter, and volume. Of all the species planted, white pine has made the best growth. Records have also been kept of any damage suffered and of changes in density of stand, of the height to which branches have been killed by shading, of vegetation on the ground, etc. Another part of the record consists of photographs that have been taken at five-year intervals of all plantations with the camera set at the same point each time and pointed in the same direction.

So the history and the value of this area have grown and will continue to do so.

LEIGH J. YOUNG

MEMORIES OF FIELDING H. YOST

by Ernest J. Allmendinger

Fielding Harris "Hurry Up" Yost was born in Fairview, West Virginia on April 30, 1871. His parents were Wesley and Elzena Jane Yost, and he had two brothers and a sister.

His early schooling was in the mountain woods of West Virginia where the out of doors became second nature to him and his early friendships lived through the years.

The newspaper writers, and the townspeople in Ann Arbor and adjacent areas referred to Mr. Yost as "Hurry Up" Yost. The reasons were obvious as there was no marking time with him. His players generally referred to him as "The Coach" and in his later years he was known as the "Grand Old Man of Michigan".

A few words about the University of Michigan's football team before the Coach came on the scene. Michigan started football in 1879 when two games were won, and one game tied. D. N. DeTar was the captain of the team. There was no coach at this time nor for the next ten years.

A Mr. Murphy was the first coach at the University of Michigan in 1891. Mr. Barbour coached in 1892 and 1893; Mr. McCauley directed the team in 1895, '96 and '97; Mr. Ferbert for the next three years and Mr. Lea coached the team in 1900.

Then came Hurry Up Yost from 1901 to 1924. George Little headed up the team in 1924, then Coach Yost again in 1925 and 1926.

Tad Wieman followed the Coach for two years; Harry Kipke coached from 1929 through the 1937 season. Herbert O. Crisler had the teams from 1938 through the 1947 season and Bennie Oosterbaan has been head coach from 1948 to the present time.

In 1890 Mr. Yost studied at the Ohio Northern University at Ada, Ohio, and he continued his education at the University of West Virginia and other schools.

In 1896 Yost played on three different teams: West Virginia, Lafayette and the Allegheny Athletic Club. I have heard him say the rules were rather lax in those times and that no rules were broken.

In 1897, at 27 years of age, Mr. Yost taught at the Ohio Wesleyan University and this team was the first Wesleyan team to defeat Ohio State University. Next the Coach moved to Nebraska for one year and the following two years he was at Kansas. The following year, 1900, Mr. Yost was at Stanford University where that team won the Pacific Coast Conference title.

YOST COMES TO MICHIGAN - 1901.

Mr. Charles Baird, the University's first Athletic Director, needed a football coach at Ann Arbor and Mr. Yost was contacted in 1901. "Hurry Up" came to Ann Arbor and the University, where he quickly made friends with the student body, the faculty and the townspeople. At first he was hired for the football season - coming here from Nashville in early September and leaving for the South and back to his business about Thanksgiving time. The townspeople met the coach rather intimately when he walked down town in the evening after preliminary practice. They coralled him into the City Cigar Store opposite the Court House, where football fundamentals and basic plays were outlined. Clerks, farmers, barbers, tinsmiths, and high school team candidates at times were lined up for demonstrations of the "Statue of Liberty" play, End Around, or Split Buck.

The Coach's first five Michigan Teams will always be referred to as the "Yost Point - a - Minute' teams. Here is the record

Year	Points by Michigan	Points by Opponent
1901	550	0
1902	644	12
1903	564	6
1904	567	22
1905	495	2
	2820	42

Yost took his Michigan team to California and played in the First Rose Bowl Game on New Year's Day, 1902. Score: Michigan 49, Stanford University 0. The team left Ann Arbor in weather 10 degrees below zero and played at Pasadena with the temperature registering 85 degrees above.

This same year, 1902, Ferry Field was given to the University of Michigan by Dexter M. Ferry. This 27 acre parcel was soon enclosed by the brick wall, and here Yost's teams played until 1927, when the Stadium was dedicated.

Something had to be done to change the rules: the bone crushing power plays where pulling, pushing and shoving the runner were permissible. Until 1906 there were 3 downs for a 5 yard gain. During 1906 the 5 yard distance was increased to 10 yards. In 1912 a 4th down was added and it became 10 yards for 4 downs, the same as it is today. These changes opened up the game, made it safer for the players and more interesting for the spectators. Injuries fell off considerably and team work was stressed more than ever in this new wide open game.

I have been asked a number of times when the forward pass came into being, - it was in 1906 when the Coach quickly developed an entirely new offense and defense for the new game.

The Coach started the Club House on South State Street in 1912 and it was changed to the office building in 1925. Before the Administration Building was completed, the Varsity changed clothes at Waterman gymnasium and the players jogged down State Street to Ferry Field. This was hard on the lawn extensions as the football cleats of "Germany" Schultz, Indian Schulte, "Cap" Redden, Billy Heston, "Joe" Curtis, Frank "Shorty" Longman and many others rutted up the sod. I wonder if the present ruts along the sidewalk are hold-overs from this era.

Aside from active coaching, Mr. Yost was constantly thinking of expansion of the athletic facilities. In 1914 the concrete stands were built on the south side of Ferry Field and this added many seats for the crowds, which were getting larger every year. Yost Field House was dedicated in 1923, and now for the first time the Athletic Department had facilities for basketball, wrestling, indoor baseball, track meets and many other activities. The Colosseum was purchased in 1926 and was completely remodeled for hockey and ice skating.

In 1927 the Women's Athletic Building and Palmer Field, with its many tennis courts and playing fields, were completed. The Coach thus continued his basic policy of "Athletics for All".

For several years the new Michigan Stadium, as we now know it, was under construction and it fell to Captain Bennie Oosterbaan's 1927 team to dedicate the Stadium. LeVerne (Kip) Taylor scored the first touchdown on October 1st, 1927 on a 28 yard forward pass from Louie Gilbert. The dedication game was on October 22nd, 1927, when Michigan defeated Ohio State University 21-0. The new Stadium held 79,000 spectators.

In 1929 the large Intramural Building on Hoover Avenue replaced the old wooden bleachers and this great structure furnished facilities for almost every student, wrestling, basketball, the intramural teams gymnastics, squash, handball, badminton, swimming and many other activities.

In 1928 the U. of M. golf course was purchased and this 112 acres has been developed into one of the finest courses. Great care was taken to save every tree and in designing the sand traps.

In 1921 the Department of Physical Education had been established and Mr. Yost at this time became our third Athletic Director, following Charles Baird and Phil Bartelme. H. O. Crisler is fourth in succession, following Yost in 1941, and continuing as coach until 1948.

Michigan withdrew from the Western Conference in 1909 and returned in 1917. A fine write-up by Prof. Ralph Aigler in the Michigan Alumnus Quarterly Review, August 1957, covers this period in detail.

Our great opponents at this time were in the East, Syracuse, Cornell and Pennsylvania. The Michigan schedule missed such natural traditional rivals as Minnesota, Wisconsin, Ohio State and the University of Chicago. We missed them and they missed us. But the University of Minnesota scheduled Michigan in football in 1909 and 1910. All travel in those days was by special train. Every one wore "M" armbands. Where are, what became of the yellow and blue arm bands? Local business men followed the teams (they all wore derbies) and when the special train pulled into the station in Minneapolis they were met by a little German band playing "I Want To Go Back To Michigan, To Dear Ann Arbor Town". This spirit was one of the compelling reasons for Michigan's return to the Western Conference in 1917.

I met the Coach in 1911, my first year on the Michigan Squad, during our preliminary practice at Whitmore Lake. We put up at the old Stevens House. My first instructions were how to catch a football. Here is a snapshot of the Coach telling me something like this:

> "The hands and arms are extended to receive the ball on a punt or pass. The ball is led into a pocket formed by one hand on the bottom, one on the top, so the ball can't bounce out and the body forms the inside of the basket. Don't fight the ball, y'know."

The Coach was full of lively, pithy sayings. About Sportsmanship he would tell us, "We don't have time to think of dirty football; you can't do your best when you are thinking of <u>getting even</u>. But there is nothing in the rule book that says you <u>can't hit</u> so hard that his slats rattle." "This is not a game of tiddlywinks, y'know." To deflate one's ego, the Coach would say, "I don't care what you have done, or what you can do, it's what you <u>do do</u> that counts with me."

To the young center candidates, on passing the ball to the quarterback, Mr. Yost would demonstrate and run off this rhyme:-

"Not too high, Not too low
Not too fast, Not too Slow"

To the Quarterback he would say, "That's an awkward way of passing the ball - be a ballet dancer, - have rhythm, with a lot of <u>Zing</u> - y'know! " To quiz the engineering students he would tell <u>them</u> they were playing with a prolate spheroid.

I can see him demonstrate to the line men. How to line up properly, to get the proper stance, head and eyes up, feet well apart like you were lifting a heavy weight, hips down, cleats dug into the ground, - twisted in - so you can't be pushed, or pulled around. In this way you get the initial "charge, the Zip, the Zing, the smash-bang that gives you the impetus to get in the other backfield."

He constantly reminded his players that they represented their friends, the University and the thousands of Alumni. He referred to the players as "His Boys" and was proud of them.

"Bottles" Thompson was captain in 1912, and a few days before our big game, our captain received word of a death in his family. We were at Dave Willets' training table. The Coach got up, spoke a few consoling words and then mentioned Saturday's Pennsylvania game. We wondered how he would meet the situation. The Coach looked up and down the dining table and said, "Tex, you've got to fill in for Bottles tomorrow." Tex Meek, a big gangling boy who was no fullback was thunderstruck. So were we! Tex was a great kicker and punted Michigan out of trouble that Saturday afternoon.

I helped Germany Schultz coach the linemen in 1915 and 1919 and in this contact with the Coach I learned how he met situations.

He was a keen observer. I once sat with him at a basketball game in Yost Field House, Michigan playing Cornell. Cornell was exceptional that night, very hot - seldom missed the basket. Shooting fouls they put them right in the middle of the hoop. Michigan's time: everything wrong,- missed the free throw completely. Next time Cornell tried it was perfect again. I said, "Coach, they never even hit the basket!" Coach replied, "We don't either!"

J. Fred Lawton's "Hurry Up" Yost in Story and Song is chuck full of such incidents.

Along came World War I, and I remember how proud Mr. Yost was when in 1917 at Soldier's Field in Chicago, he refereed the game between the Great Lakes Jackies and Fort Sheridan Army team. He had 8 Michigan players on the Army and the Jackie team. Albert Benbrook, Jimmie Craig, Stub Millard and myself were on the Army team. Aggie Hildner, Loucks, Phil Raymond and another Michigan player were on the Jackie (Sailor) team. The Jackies averaged about 5 years younger and had plenty of time to practice;- we practiced after 9 P.M. in the tan bark riding hall. Score Army 7, Jackies 27. Yost smiled!

Another fond memory- A letter I received from the Coach written in longhand April 4, 1921. I will read it to you:

> "My dear Allmendinger: We are in receipt of the announcement of your marriage to Miss Donohue. You have the congratulations and sincerest best wishes of the 'Yosts'. I am sure you made a wise choice of a companion for life. I look back with much pleasure to our long and pleasant associations and will hope to see you and know better

Mrs. Allmendinger. Again with very best wishes to you and yours. Sincerely, Fielding H. Yost"

Last Monday I had a pleasant visit with Mrs. Yost. I wanted to learn of an incident about the Coach which isn't usually written in biographies.

Mrs. Yost related how her husband got started in business. A lawyer in one of the big Detroit office buildings dropped his wallet. The Coach called to him, picked it up - and friendship and business started right there. This lawyer was in charge of property in Tennessee - they had a lot of information about this area. They talked of development, water power, coal and oil. There were 3 rivers and 10 creeks feeding into the large streams. The Coach suggested Dan Macgugin, who was Mrs. Yost's brother-in-law. They all worked together for 6 years, meeting utilities people, hydro-electric developers, builders of dams and power plants. The Coach made many of the negotiations with the people on the watershed because he knew them and they knew him. This started in 1910. Mr. Yost at this time was spending only 2½ months in Ann Arbor coaching the Michigan teams. The rest of the year he studied intimately land contracts, easements, contour high water lines, land clearing methods and hiring lawyers. The developers depended on Mr. Yost and he was pleased in their confidence in him when he showed Mrs. Yost a check for a million dollars for him to use in development of the area. And this at a time when stock markets were unstable. Many business opportunities followed; some were accepted, but Ann Arbor was never left out of the picture.

The Coach married Miss Eunice Fite of Nashville in 1906. In 1910 Fielding Jr. was born and three grandchildren now range in age from 9 to 16 years.

I have taken a few notes from "Football for Player and Spectator" written by Yost in 1905.

"Hurry up and be the first man to line up."

"Hurry up - Football is a game of Hurry, hurry, hurry!"

"Hurry up - and block your man hard when you should block."

"Hurry up - and learn to control your temper; if you cannot do this you'd better quit the game."

"Hurry up and help your own runner. Never let him go it alone."

"Hurry up and do as your coach and trainer advise you. If you know more about the game than they do, it's time for you to quit."

"Hurry up! "

On August 21st, 1946, Fielding H. Yost died. A great friend, a fine leader, a true sportsman was the Coach.

FRED LAWTON'S TALK

[J. Fred Lawton, author of "Varsity", spoke without a manuscript and with the delightful informality "Michigan" audiences have come to expect from him. The following paragraphs, reconstructed from stenographic notes, give little idea of the warmth and humor of the talk itself. Editor]

Ernie Allmendinger forgot to mention that he was All American. Fielding Yost once had this to say about him. "Ernie was a member of his high school team and very good. In 1910 he came to Michigan and played varsity in 1912 and 1913. Ernie was tough like granite. He, however, had one fault: he couldn't get mad clear through. One day during a game, I looked out and there was Ernie fighting like an Army tank. Ernie then became the kind of a guy all coaches dream about. He was in the Guardsmen and made a Captain in the U. S. Infantry for the war.* He played on the Ft. Sheridan team and was a quite a guy!"

[Spying Walter P. Staebler in the audience at this point, Mr. Lawton could not resist a digression; for Mr. Staebler was an original member of that famous Union Opera military unit, the Bum Army. Mr. Lawton told how he and Earl Moore (the Rodgers-Hammerstein team of those witty and tuneful early Michigan operas) had gone into a frantic huddle in a down-town Detroit hotel to produce one more song for "The Crimson Chest," which was already well along in rehearsal. "The Bum Army" emerged. Stumped at first by a faculty ban on cuss-words, they made a virtue of necessity and came up with two hit lines:

"We're from the land of Uncle Sam,
Europe, Irup, and Syrup and Jam,
And not a one of us gives a ____ care,
We are always on a tear!"

And again in the second stanza:

"We just give 'em the Army yell,
And back right into the shot and shell,
And when we're beaten we run like ____ sin,
We very seldom win!"

Mr. Lawton now goes back to the subject of football and Coach Yost.]

When I was twelve years old, I said to my friends, "I'm going to touch Coach Yost's overcoat." I really didn't know how I was going to do this, but I knew I would find a way. Michigan was playing the Carlyle Indians at Havin Field, now Briggs Stadium.

*World War I.

I don't remember how we got into the game, but we got in. Yost was walking across the field after the game was over. I got up enough nerve and my right hand touched the left coat pocket of Coach Yost's long black overcoat. I didn't wash that hand for five days. My mother asked me one day to wash my right hand, and I told her I couldn't because one boy in my class hadn't seen it yet.

At this same age I remember how my friends and I would wait in the barn until we had eleven boys together, then the boy we had chosen captain would lead us across the barnyard carrying a football as Coach Yost had his teams do. He had a terrific influence on everyone.

Yost was the spirit of Michigan, and found a brotherly emotion whenever he found a man wearing a Michigan button. But he especially loved an Ann Arbor boy by the name of Johnny Maulbetsch. I wrote a poem about the Michigan spirit and Johnny Maulbetsch when he hit the Harvard line in 1913. It went like this:

Said the freshman to the Old Grad, "These few things I'd
like to know:
What is this great tradition that affects the students so,
What is this thing called 'spirit' which brings Michigan
renown,
This victory flame that glows so bright when all the chips
are down;
What is this faith, this driving power that keeps us in the van,
This brotherly emotion shared by every Michigan man?"
Said the Old Grad, "Michigan 'spirit' we poor mortals can't
define,
But we saw Johnny Maulbetsch when he hit that Harvard line!

"Way back in nineteen-thirteen, Johnny donned the blue and
maize,
And from the first was noted for his most destructive ways.
On Campus, this explosive back was quiet, with manner mild,
Who loved this school named Michigan as a mother loves her
child.
He only weighed one-fifty-nine, he wasn't much on height,
But every inch of John was charged with speed and dynamite,
And 'Mauly' taught us what is meant by Michigan 'spirit', fine
That afternoon at Cambridge, when he hit that Harvard line!

"Time after time, his low-slung form crashed through the line
that day,
But Michigan was stopped with 'pay dirt' just three yards away.
Harvard's ahead,--they kicked to Michigan and then began
The greatest single-handed drive by any Michigan man.
They tell how Johnny after every crash through Harvard's wall
Repeated, time and time again, these words, 'GIMME DA BALL!'
They didn't call a signal, and they didn't give a sign,
They gave the ball to 'Mauly' and he took it through the line!

"He didn't make the touchdown, and we didn't win the game,
But little Johnny Maulbetsch led the Wolverines to fame,
For, in those glorious minutes, when young 'Mauly' gave his all,
We learned of Michigan 'spirit' from his words, 'GIMME DA BALL!'
His spirit burst into a flame when victory hopes were slim,
The 'Victors' and the 'Varsity' became a part of him!
You ask the meaning of this Michigan 'spirit'---yours and mine?
Just think of Johnny Maulbetsch when he hit that Harvard line!"

Everyone loved Fielding Yost. Because of this I wrote another poem called "Yost Through the Years".

That Victory smile, that shuffling walk, that West Virginia drawl,
The way he mumbled "Sure Y'know," the way he said "You all,"
That long black coat, that derby hat, that stogie in his mouth
(It waggled mostly East and West, but sometimes North and South);
He'd start to tell you how he knew "Doc" Cook to be a fake
And then he'd switch and talk about the bass in Whitmore Lake,
Till someone mentioned Eckersall, THEN--how his eyes would shine;
He'd stalk around and move his hands, like backin' up a line,
Until you'd hear his fervent speech, and feel his power and drive;
You'd never know how Mich'gan lost in nineteen-hundred-five.

T'was back in nineteen-hundred-eight, quite early in the fall,
A crowd had gathered there in front of Huston's billiard hall;
"Is someone hurt?" I asked a man who seemed to know the most.
He smiled at me and said, "Oh, no, it's only Mr. Yost;
He's picked a team of by-standers--he finally got eleven-
To illustrate that forward-pass in nineteen-hundred-seven;
The man in there at center is the policeman on the beat,
The Coach is playing fullback and he's putting on the heat."
--I saw right then that evidence was starting to amass
Against the Referee who disallowed that forward pass.

There in the Union lobby, in the midst of all his friends,
Jim Murfin, and Jim Duffy, and some hefty backs and ends,
He was singing out the praises of the teams that brought him fame,
When someone asked which was THE greatest Minnesota game.
The game began--he worked "Old Eighty Three," as round he wheeled,
He swung his leg and kicked George Lawton's spirals down the field,
But when he made the "Touchdown play," the Coach turned on the gas
In showing how Borleske scored on Stan Well's forward pass.
Unless you'd watch his gestures, you would never live again
That Michigan-Minnesota game of nineteen-hundred-ten.

Now'days he's there on State Street shuffling through the football throng,
As much a part of Michigan as is the Victor's song;
He'll talk about the Stadium--then give his hat a tilt
And tell about the golf course and the Field House that he built;

He'll talk of Schultz and Heston--of his stars of long ago,
Then nudge you as he drawls "There's just one Meeshegan y'know,"
But when he hears the service men come marching down the street,
He says, "These are my boys y'know," and keeps time with his feet;
Until you've seen him at Attention--hat held on his chest,
You've never known the GRAND OLD MAN, the LEADER and the BEST.

One year when Michigan went to Minneapolis to play Minnesota, Yost was demonstrating some of the plays to be used in the game while we were in the lobby of the Nicolet Hotel. He carried the little brown jug with him wherever he went, so he had the jug play center. Between the people in the lobby, Yost, and myself we had nine players. He saw a bellhop dressed in a red uniform come in carrying a woman's suitcase; so he had the bellhop and the suitcase play the remaining two positions. The woman was waiting on the mezzanine and when she saw the bellhop playing football, she yelled down to him to bring the suitcase up to her. Yost yelled up to her to wait. She started yelling for the manager, so Yost yelled up to her again, "Lady, hold your horses, the manager is playing quarterback!"

In 1901 Yost took his team to the Rosebowl and beat Stanford 49-0. In 1948 Michigan repeated this same 49-0 score at the Rosebowl. I was there at the 1948 game and I wondered if Fielding could see this same feat being performed again. This prompted me to write a poem called "Yost Was a Smilin' on New Year's Day".

If love for a College can pierce God's blue
If love for a team can come breaking through,
Then, he was a peerin' through Heaven's gate
When Rifenburg's score made it Forty-eight,
And showin' the Angels, with eyes ashine
How Jim Brieske's toe made it Forty-nine!
And I'll bet he drawled, so quaint--so low,
"The score's the same as WE made, y'know!"
Yes--if Love is stronger than Death's stern call,
Then Neil Snow, Redden, "Boss" Weeks and all
Were watching there with him, play by play,
And Yost was a smilin' on New Year's Day!

I'll always remember Fielding Harris Yost and the Spirit of Michigan. This is a poem I wrote called "Farewell to Yost". It was hanging in the Michigan Union till recently. I now have it hanging in my home in the Michigan Room.

So long, you bit of West Virginia hills, transplanted here.
They say you've left Ann Arbor town, and all you held so dear;
They say you've gone from Ferry sod, where Snow, and Schulz and Heston trod,
You went away--but still we feel you near!

Yes, you are gone, but not your plans for Michigan--your dreams.
Your Sons and Daughters carry on the Torch, which brightly gleams.
Your giant, effervescent soul can less be stopped short of its goal
Than could your famous "Point-a-Minute" teams!

Wherever flies the Maize and Blue, your Spirit will attend:
You will be there--your simple faith--your love for athlete, friend.
There we will hear your quiet talk, we'll see your beaming smile --your walk.
These memories will be with us to the end!

And now, dear Coach, we play "The Victors" low--your parting knell
Let just a strain or two of "Varsity" the chorus swell;
Then, for your final, fond adieu, YOUR SONG--"The Yellow and the Blue".
Farewell, great Leader--Grand Old Man-------FAREWELL!

Conclusion of the Program

Professor Ralph W. Aigler, a member of the Athletic Board of the University of Michigan for 42 years, was called upon for a few impromptu remarks.

"Fielding didn't get much of a salary," he said in part, "but he never asked for an increase in salary even though he had several offers of pay two or three times as great from other schools. However, he did ask for an increase from $50.00 to $100.00 for expenses!

"Although he was generally acclaimed as an offensive coach, in my inexpert opinion," Mr. Aigler declared, "Yost was at his best in setting up defenses. As an example take the Minnesota game of 1925. Minnesota had a very good team: no-one could stop them. Yost had his line line up one yard behind the line of scrimmage, and we beat Minnesota because old man Doubt was with them. It was in that game too that Yost had to send in a green player, Wally Webber. He told Webber to do one thing and one thing only: to keep Minnesota's mighty Arendsee behind the line of scrimmage. And Wally did just that.

"Yost had two outstanding qualities," Professor Aigler concluded. "One was his knowledge,- backed by interest and a great sense of detail. The second was that, although he wasn't a Michigan alumnus, he had an extraordinary fondness for the University of Michigan. -- That was Fielding Harris Yost, a great friend!"

Mrs. Fielding H. Yost was then introduced. Beautiful and gracious as ever, she thanked the speakers simply and remarked, "As I have listened to all these tributes to Fielding's ability, I kept thinking,

'His strength was as the strength of ten
Because his heart was pure.'"

Afterwards in private conversation she confessed, "I was expecting this program would make me feel sad, but I don't know when I've had such a good time. It was as if Fielding were right here with us."

As a conclusion to the general good nature of the program, others present connected with football's inner circle of Yost's time were then introduced: Mrs. Allmendinger, Mrs. "Johnny" Maulbetsch, Mrs. Curtis Redden, and her son, Curtis W. Redden.